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—BY—

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1909.

The Spectacular Fall of Rufus N. Rhodes.

The Journal wishes to add its voice to the volume of indignant reproach which has been poured by the editors of the South against Rufus N. Rhodes, of Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Rhodes's impudence was as great as his sycophancy when he went to Augusta the other day to invite Mr. Taft to glorify Alabama's mineral city with his resplendent, hallowing, adorable presence in the following choice words:

Judge Taft, I am going to take advantage of this opportunity to say to you that if you know the heart and head of the men of the South, and particularly of Birmingham, you would know that they regard the result of the last election as a benediction from God Almighty himself to the people of the South over their own protest. I am a Democrat; most of these gentlemen are Democrats, but we all welcome your advent into the South not only because we have come to love you for your human qualities, for we understand that your sympathies are as broad as the universe, but because you have come here, sir, indicating to us that you want the South once again to hold her place in the councils of the nation. I want to say to you that you will find no more fertile field for the planting of your seeds of patriotism, independence of thought, independence of political action—you will find no more fertile field in America than among the representative men of the city of Birmingham, Ala. While we are a new town, not forty years old, yet having more than ten years made the price of pig iron for the civilized world and seized the sceptre of steel from Pittsburgh, still we are old enough to know how to dispense a genuine and cordial hospitality to a good man any day or night. We really feel that you could do a great work along the lines you have indicated, more at Birmingham, possibly, than any other point in the country. We want you, but the thing of all things we want you to see is not only our remarkable city, in the height of its buildings, in the vastness of its industries, in the loving service we would like to do you and Mrs. Taft, but that you may come there and—though a Democrat and a life-long Democrat, I am willing to say it—help us strike off our hands the shackles of an ignorant political system, which does not do the most to develop our resources or to prosper and safeguard our happiness. We promise you a good time, but we promise you more than that—real genuine, lasting results for the greatness and the glory of this country. I wish to say to you that the best men of the South, regardless of politics, look forward to your administration, because you, in our judgment, are the fittest man in all our history who has served in the executive office—that you are the fittest man that was ever called to this high honor. I wish to say to you that you have the reverent and earnest prayers of our people for success of the administration of your high office.

Was there ever a more signal, more deplorable, more despicable case, of rank toadyism than this of Rhodes's? It is impossible, of course, to let it pass without notice for fear that Taft might possibly be led into a belief that there is some truth in such fulsome expressions of admiration and the declaration that the men of the South "regard the result of the last election as a benediction from God Almighty Himself."

Never was there a more arrant falsehood uttered. It sounds like an echo of the silly Chattanooga suggestion of John Temple Graves that the democrats nominate Roosevelt for president. All know what that resulted in. Graves left Georgia to become a henchman of Hearst, and when he ran for vice-president his former state accorded him but eighty-nine votes—each one of them, probably, a prototype of Rufus N. Rhodes.

And now this man from Birmingham who has the impudence to call himself a democrat, dares to pledge to one who, besides being a republican and therefore diametrically opposed in principle to the best thought of the South, has over and over again declared he would carry out the policies of the discredited Roosevelt—we say Rhodes has dared to pledge to this man the sympathy and love of the Southland and to proclaim him as a savior.

There is only one thing for Alabama democrats to do with Rhodes, and that is to drum him out of the party and

shriveled up his inordinate conceit and presumption with a terrible and universal ostracism.

We know, of course, that the people of Birmingham are no more in sympathy with Rhodes's idiotic panegyric than the rest of the Southern people. Birmingham has, no doubt, "made the price of pig iron for the civilized world," but we are confident it has not set the price of its own honor and that of the rest of the South as a mess of republican potage to be paid in return either for Rhodes's disgusting sycophancy or the relinquishment of one jot or tittle of the God given principles of constitutional government which make democracy shine as the sun in comparison with a republicanism darkened by the old-time shadows of force, expediency and corruption.

The Palafox Street Object Lesson.

Mr. C. W. Hagerman is giving the citizens of Pensacola a valuable object lesson in the work he is doing in the improvement of the Palafox street parkway. The park commission turned the work over to him and he is showing, by actual demonstration, how a hitherto ragged, ill-kept and altogether unattractive parkway can be converted into a handsome and creditable public beauty-spot.

One of the criticisms which visitors always level at Pensacola is that they cannot get used to the deep sand which is encountered on every hand. They cannot understand why we cannot have pretty parks, green grass plots, and well kept lawns here as they have elsewhere, and they go away to tell their friends in other states about our delinquencies in that respect.

And yet there is no place in the world where grass grows easier or will keep greener than here in Pensacola. No place is it more easy to have a fine lawn all the year around than it is here. No place could the parks and the grass plots along the streets be made more attractive than they can be in this city.

Mr. Hagerman is showing how it can be done. He commenced at the very beginning, and step by step, he is demonstrating just how a lawn can be made. It is a very simple matter too; so simple, in fact, that the humblest home-owner can have a green lawn in front of his house if he only wants it, and every street parkway and public square in the city could be made a place of perennial beauty if our people would only have it so.

The question is: Why don't we do it? The next question is: Will people simply pay some attention now and profit by the object-lesson which Mr. Hagerman is now giving them? It won't cost a cent.

Kentucky is rising up in arms, moral arms, against lawlessness—had to be "arms" of some sort.

Can't imagine anything better calculated to make Teddy "dry up" than to have one of his messages "expunged."

It is said that Taft's inauguration will eclipse anything of the kind ever seen in Washington. It is certain that Taft will, at any rate.

The theory that a small boy, a fire and a can of powder can be combined without a chemical, physical and vital transmogrification has never yet been proved, and most likely never will be.

The West Palm Beach Tropical Sun grew hot under the collar the other day and insisted that its readers should look east. Why this gratuitous slur upon the memory of poor old Horace Greeley?

The San Francisco detectives who refused to credit the story of forger Bremner that he thought he was really the man whose name he signed to checks, his mind having become upset by grief, are utterly out of touch with modern psychopaths and ex-

pert alienists and ought to be hypnotized for the balance of their lives. What vandals, to discredit such a delightful story of double identity!

Don't try to cut down your living expenses to meet your income, but try to increase your income to overbalance your living expenses.—Fernandina Record. Give us the receipt, dear brother; we've yearned all our life for this very thing.

Some may think the worst sort of omen for Arkansas is that its newly elected governor should object to being inaugurated on Friday or on the thirteenth of the month. It is about time that governors, at least, should be men with minds beyond the influence of silly superstitions.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE STATE.

Tampa Tribune.

It is peculiarly fitting that the mother of General Gilchrist returns to Tallahassee as the mistress of the executive mansion. When a young woman, a reigning belle, she was a popular and charming leader of the younger set there, not a resident but a frequent visitor, and now she goes back to the hills of Leon as the First Lady of the State.

The Tribune would be among the earliest to congratulate General Gilchrist, should he elect to join the ranks of married men and place a wife in charge of the governor's household, but it would appear much more fitting, much more expressive of man's love and loyalty to the one woman who shares his joys and sorrows from the moment his eyes first open to the wonder and the witchery of a world, should he hold that place of honor exclusively for his mother.

What pride must she take in the occasion to be celebrated next Tuesday! What conscious pride in the knowledge of the part she took in the bearing and the rearing of this honored son! And how much deeper her love and greater her pride as she presides over his official home, daily participant in the pleasures conferred and the penalties exacted by Political Power, to give the sweet motherly word of counsel here and of encouragement there—words all powerful to guide and comfort the right-thinking man!

Florida's Diamond Mine.

A diamond in its rough state is not a very prepossessing piece of mineral matter and the Florida Everglades are today similar to the uncut and unpolished diamond. Certainly some work must be done to the Everglades to make them habitable. It will cost money, too. It likewise costs money to cut and polish diamonds, but look what you have after the work is all done.—Miami Metropolis.

More Energy Needed.

Titusville's prospects are certainly looking brighter than in some years. Several new residences have been erected and many improvements made but we will need a little more energy on the part of some of our townsmen who have not done much to help Titusville along, for they talk too much and do too little. Even the planting of a few shade trees would help to improve the appearance of Brevard's county town. Do something for your town.—Titusville Advocate.

An Awful Blow.

The decision of the supreme court deciding adversely to the case of Santa Rosa county vs. the State of Florida, on what is known as the "West" school bill gives a blow to the school interests of the state which it will take years to get over.—Milton Record.

Must Draw the Line.

Tell the tourist he is welcome to the air, sunshine and climate; to the ocean breeze so bracing, to the country air sublime; to the juicy bivalves, to his pick of fish, or quail on toast or venison steak—just anything you wish—(except now mind you) we've got no girls to spare, for such compound of sweetness just can't be found elsewhere.—St. Augustine Meteor.

PENSACOLA AND PENSACOLIANS

A Great One.

The Pensacola Journal's Christmas issue was a great one. It went back from a historical standpoint and dug up some mighty interesting reading matter about Pensacola in the olden times. Writings of local matters by local writers was a big feature of the big paper. There were nine departments and each page was filled with good interesting reading matter. Don't know what the people of West Florida would do without the Pensacola Journal.—Florida (Ala.) News.

Its Exceptional Excellence.

We cannot refrain from noting one exceptional excellence of the Christmas edition of the Pensacola Journal. Not one liquor advertisement was found in its columns. It may be a matter of taste, but Frank L. Mayes does not carry liquor ads in his great daily—even Christmas times. He may be worse in some other ways, but we opine he loses nothing in the long run.—Arcadia News.

NEWS AND VIEWS BY STATE PRESS

Marryin' in Marianna.

We publish this week thirty-two marriage licenses. This speaks well for our town and county, and we yet hope to see others embark for matrimony in the near future. May happiness and prosperity attend each of the voyagers. Young man, look through our list of marriage licenses and see if you haven't been over-confident or procrastinated.—Marianna Times-Courier.

Famous For Bamboo.

Examination of the soils of our county by the expert gentlemen who were here last week proved that no lands in the United States are better adapted to the growth and culture of commercial bamboo than some we have in Hernando. The conditions here of climate, soil, drainage and accessibility to market for it are ideal. Hernando can be made famous for its bamboo farms.—Brooksville Argus.

Idle Muscle.

The Tampa Times thinks the development of our state's resources depends more on "hard work" by the people who are now here than on the bringing in of other people. It is doubtless true that a great deal of muscle is going to waste all around us, but if the Times depends on this muscle for the further development of the state it may as well prepare for a period of stagnation. This idle muscle is not built that way.—Starke Telegraph.

Not Worth Much.

Don't go around and boast about your swearing off on New Year's day. Don't get upon your house and shout that you have driven vice away. He may return to mock you. So merely quit, without display.—A man amounts to little who is forced to swear off, anyway.—Ocala Banner.

"On With the Dance."

Be hopeful as you go through the new year. Do not allow yourself to believe that fortune has passed you by. The road she travels is an endless circle. She reappears again and again to the watchful and observant eye. If she has passed your door today and knocked while you were sleeping and you awoke to see her retreating form down the roadway, do not despair and say the opportunity of your life has gone. Remember,

it is only one opportunity. Set yourself about your business; keep busy, hopeful and expectant, and be sure to look for the return trip of fortune. Do not expect her in the same gown and bonnet this year. She loves new apparel. She is a woman, and fond of new effects. She also likes winning smiles.—Ocala Banner.

Is That So?

To those journals which suggest that the one irreconcilable difference between the republican and the democratic parties is the protective tariff, and suggest that we focus on it for the campaign of 1912, greeting: The republican party has beaten us to it.—Tampa Times.

How Old is Ann?

The recent census of Jacksonville gives that city a population of 66,520. Our editor resided in that burg when its population was a little less than 800.—Jasper News.

Rhodes an Exotic.

"The loving service we would like to do to you and Mrs. Taft," says one Rhodes of Birmingham. The Alabama city will not regain her respect till she has shown that the American citizen who uses such language to an "uncrowned king" is an exotic whether born within her limits or not. He speaks a language as yet strange to our ears and most repulsive to our thoughts. "Service" is it? "Twice have I renounced Cuba" says Roosevelt; Taft will not renounce the Philippines.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Wheeler!

The late Socrates is an extensive contributor to the scholarly pages of the Ocala Banner.—Tampa Tribune. Yes, and almost as interesting a writer as the gentleman who is contributing to the Tribune those happenings in Tampa ten years ago. There's nothing like being abreast of the times.—Ocala Banner.

Reason for It.

A sudden cessation of hair raising news from Hayti arouses a suspicion that a managing editor with a big blue pencil has been put in charge.—Gainesville Sun.

What's the Use?

Some "Cracker" philosopher has said, "What's the use of talking about money, when there are no money?" So we might ask what's the necessity of all this talk about the governor and his cabinet, when as a matter of fact, the governor has no more cabinet than a rabbit.—Jacksonville Floridian.

If They Would.

If all towns of the state would, in proportion, make the effort that Jacksonville is making to induce immigration into Florida and to their town, we would need no immigration bureau at Tallahassee. Such combined effort would bring many thousands of people into the state to locate and in turn their money among us. The metropolis of the state is sending out throughout the country all kinds of advertising matter, telling of her advantages and possibilities.—DeLand Record.

A Delusion.

The imagination in the minds of most people that riches bring happiness, in our humble opinion, a delusion. At least we have never known of a very rich man yet that was not troubled with gout, ingrowing toe-nails or a keen and aggravating fear lest at some future time he would lose his wealth and become as the ordinary individual with a heart that beats in sympathy with the rest of mankind, and a mind that reaches out into the great beyond and sees something worth more than the greed and avarice of this world for which to live. Happiness is not the lot of rich men by any means.—Fernandina Record.

Welcoming the Traveler.

I have always had a good opinion of the enterprise of the life insurance agent. It has seemed to me that the busy bee of him. Recently this opinion has been strengthened, says Woman's Home Companion.

An old colored servant living in a neighboring family made his first trip away from home, and visited relatives in New York.

On his return to Louisiana he was asked what he did while in the north. "Well, 'mong 'udah things, I done tuk out a life insurance policy fo' fi' hundred dollars."

"Why, what on earth do you want with a life insurance policy? You have no wife or children?"

"Dat's what I done told 'em, but I had t' take it all de same. De agent man, he met me at de boat landin', an' he said I'd haf t' have one or he'd sen' me back home. He warn't gwine fo' t' low me t' land if I didn't buy one. De don't 'low no one in New York 'less dey has a 'substance policy.'"

Put It Under Your Hat.

Peach trees in bloom in St. Petersburg on New Year's Day. Strawberries, 30 cents a quart.—St. Petersburg Independent.

Common Sense in the Courts.

In the trial of the Hains case the court is showing how a judge who knows his business can serve the ends of justice and by so doing expedite the court proceedings and save the pockets of the people at the same time. The difference between the proceedings in this case and that of the Traw fiasco is not only very marked but extremely gratifying.—Titusville Star.

In Full Blast.

The Southern Express company's "blind tiger" did a land office business here. Many jugs, bottles and big heads today—this speaks well for a dry town.—Sanford Chronicle.

Likes Syd Carter.

Hon. Syd L. Carter of Gainesville, is being urged as a candidate for speaker of the next house of representatives in the Florida legislature. Mr. Carter will be one of the brainiest men in the legislature and his selection for the speakership would be a credit to that body.—Palatka News.

Lucky Dade County.

Dade County now has more than 150 miles of rock road. The people found that the bond issue, which secured the first 62 miles of road, had been such a splendid investment that they have been enthusiastic on every occasion to vote additional taxes to continue the good work, and are contemplating more bonds to complete rock roads into every part of the county.—Fort Pierce Tribune.

Poor Cigarettes!

This is a good time to cut out using those coffin tacks; those brain destroyers; those abominations in odor to all not addicted to them—those cigarettes.—Gainesville Elevator.

Get Rid of Them.

The latest measure suggested to circumvent that common enemy of law-abiding people, the modern improved and revised pistol-toter, comes from Congressman Lewis, of Tennessee, who proposes to introduce a bill in congress making it a felony to carry a pistol in the District of Columbia. If this bill should pass it is expected that it will inspire the various state legislatures to take similar action in dealing with this great evil,

but even in that event the ever-present problem of the enforcement of the law would still confront us, and with laxness in that respect we would probably discover that pistol-toting as a felony has no more terrors for the law-breaker of that kind than pistol-toting as a misdemeanor. The present law on the subject would doubtless be sufficient to break up the evil practice if it were rigorously enforced and imprisonment as well as a heavy fine made the sure penalty in every instance. But the decent, law-abiding people of this country are so harried and bedeviled by the pistol-toters and their foul, murderous work that they would consent to the most extreme measures to get rid of the breed, and if making the offence a felony will accomplish the end or even contribute appreciably to it, they would doubtless approve such a law.—Live Oak Democrat.

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AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Hair falling out? Troubled with dandruff? Want more hair? An elegant dressing? Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinine, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

We believe doctors endorse this formula, or we would not put it up.

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

THINGS THEATRICAL

—BY—

Cedric Brewer.

New York, Jan. 6.—"The Battle," a play of modern New York life, in four acts, by Cleveland Moffett, was produced for the first time in this city on Monday evening last, at the Savoy theatre. John J. Haggleton, the multimillionaire, well played by Wilton Lackaye, starts out to find his son, whom his wife, years before, had carried away with her, when she left the millionaire, shocked at his heartless money getting. This son has grown up in ignorance of his true position, and is finally found in an east side tenement, working as a diver. It is in this tenement that the first scene is laid. The Battle is the struggle of the father to persuade the son to accept his views of capital, and when failure seems certain, the father proceeds to develop a trust among the very east side socialists who had been most opposed to such combinations. Of course in the end the son, excellently portrayed by H. B. Warner, decided to take up the life of a wealthy man, the father agrees to give ten millions for philanthropy, and he, the son and the young trained nurse, Josephine Victor, to whom the young fellow is engaged, discuss what firm this philanthropy shall take. The father claims to have solved the problem, but he does not take the audience into his confidence, and the final curtain falls as he is unravelling and explaining the plans. Other roles were well played by Elsie Ferguson, E. M. Holland, and Charles Abba. Altogether, whether or not one is convinced by the arguments in favor of the capitalist, the piece interests.

"Peggy Macree," a three act romantic comedy with music, opened at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening. The music is pretty and exceedingly well sung. Mr. Joseph O'Mara singing typical Irish songs with a fine voice and method and much charm. There is plenty of fun in the play, even though it is a bit long, and the funniest character in the piece was perhaps that of the Scotchman, Alexander McDougall, admirably played by John D. O'Hara, even as the best musical numbers were Mr. O'Mara's. Dainty little Adrianna Augarde, as the Lady Margaret O'Driscoll, had the chief woman's role and played it charmingly, while the entire company was adequate, the singing above the average. Several of the familiar and popular old Irish songs were introduced into the piece, there were plenty of Irish bulls, and of course a jig. Altogether the piece will undoubtedly please.

The French pantomimist, Severin, appeared for the first time in this country on Monday evening at Blaney's Lincoln Square Theatre in his four act pantomime, "Conscience," and was warmly applauded. The story is that of a workman, whom Severin (Pierrot) has made intoxicated, and while in this state is accused of having committed murder and robbery. Pierrot withholds the identity of the actual criminal for purposes of blackmail, until, falling into a drunken sleep, he dreams of the execution of the innocent man, and awakens horror stricken, hurries to the magistrate and saves the victim just in time from execution.

A new version of Conan Doyle's "Waterloo" was also presented for the first time by William F. Thompson at the Victoria, and it, too, met with much success.

Recent celebrities who have attended the performances of "Salvation Nell," at the Hackett Theatre, are Gustav Mahler, the eminent orchestral conductor, and Chas. Hauptmann, the poet, and brother of the dramatist. The latter came behind the scenes after witnessing the performance, and congratulated Mrs. Fliske warmly, at the same time expressing his great admiration for the play.

The corner stone of the New Theatre was laid on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a large number of invited guests. So much work has already been accomplished on the building, a place having been left for the cornerstone, that quite an idea of the size of it could be obtained. The vesting and long corridor were decorated with flowers, and with handsome tapestries and armor loaned by Mr. Clarence Mackay. Mayor McEllan and President John Finley, of the College of New York, made addresses. Richard Watson Gilder read a poem, Miss Farrar sang the Star Spangled Banner, and the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera House sang a number, the words of which were written by Percy Mackaye.

Montgomery and Stone ended their engagement this evening in the popular play of "The Red Mill." It has been a profitable one. "The Warrens of Virginia" in which Frank Keenan is the chief actor, will begin on Monday evening.

"The Man From Home" continues his occupation of the Astor stage, and rain or snow, there is a goodly assemblage to greet him every night. Mr. Dodge has made that play immensely popular.

Mr. Arliss's engagement here in "The Devil" will be terminated early next month. He will be succeeded at the Belasco by Miss Frances Starr in a new play by Eugene Walter, entitled, "The Easiest Way."

"A Gentleman from Mississippi," is still the attraction at the Bijou theatre. According to the management, seats are on sale for the performances to be given during the month of April—an indication that this play will remain here throughout the season.

William Gillette began his third month of his engagement at the Criterion theatre in "Samson."

Mr. Faversham's engagement at Daly's in "The World and His Wife" continues to be prosperous for all concerned. As already made known, that actor has renewed his lease of Daly's and will occupy that stage until the middle of April or May.

James Forbes's highly amusing comedy of "The Traveling Salesman," is still on view at the Gaiety. It has been popular from the beginning, and to all appearances, will round out the season at this playhouse. Mr. McIntyre and Miss Coghlan are the principals in the cast.

Those who wish to laugh go to the Garlick theatre. "The Patriot" is wholesome amusement. William Collier is the leader of the fun.

It is a pleasant duty to record here that Mr. Dixey is still successful in "Mary Jane's Pa," playing at the Garden theatre. That playgoers like representations of that nature is apparent from the interest manifested. The house is packed at every performance.

Miss Barrymore is still here in "Lady Frederick," a pleasant comedy by Mr. Maugham. L. Frank Baum is giving a series of afternoon chats on "The Land of Oz."

The Knickerbocker is filled at every performance of "The Prima Donna," and the advance sale of seats is such as to warrant the announcement that Miss Scheff will be at that playhouse for several months to come. The story is interesting and the music by Victor Herbert.

"Via Wireless" is attracting large audiences to the Liberty. It is a great melodrama, and is now in its third month here. A storm at sea and a scene in a mill are the chief scenic effects.

Miss Burke is looking forward to her 15th appearance in "Love Watches." It will occur on January 4. Souvenirs will be distributed.

"The Blue Mouse" is still scampering about the stage at the Lyric, making mischief wherever she goes. Mabel Barrison, Jameson Lee Finney, Harry Connor, Charles Dickson, Zella Sears and Jane Laurel are the principals in the cast.

"The Pied Piper" is essentially a holiday entertainment, and a good one for both young and old. Mr. Hopper and his company of merry-makers succeed in amusing. The engagement at the Majestic is limited. It will be terminated in two weeks. Clyde Fitch's comedy of "Girls" will be the next attraction. The original company is being brought here and it is the purpose of the management to keep that attraction at the Majestic for the remainder of the season.

"Little Nemo" is the bill here. It has been successful from the first performance. Billy B. Van, Harry Kelly, "Joe" Cawthorn and Master Gabriel are the chief performers in it.

Miss Held and her company are still successful at the New York theatre in "Miss Innocence." Those fond of uproarious hilarity, pretty faces and amusing dances will find "Miss Innocence" all that it sets out to be.

The Hippodrome should be more popular during the joyous season than any of the year. It is essentially a place where wholesome merriment and pretty spectacle may be enjoyed. "Sporting Days," and "The Battle in the Skies" are the chief spectacular features. Among the circus novelties are the four big elephants that play musical instruments. Alf Loyal and the riding dog, the Pecos and the Sisters Dicks, acrobats, the beautiful Athletics in feats of strength, the Klidas and a group of Japanese acrobats.

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